More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i'th Church.

King. No place indeed ſhould murder ſanctuarize,
Revenge ſhould have no bounds: but good *Laertes*
Will you doe this? keep cloſe within your chamber,
Hamlet return'd ſhall know you are come home,
We'll put on thoſe ſhall praiſe your excellence,
And ſet a double varniſh on the ſame
The *Frenchman* gave you, bring you in fine together,
And wager ore your heads; he being remiſſe,
Moſt generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruſe the foiles, ſo that with eaſe,
Or with a little ſhuffling, you may chuſe
A ſword unbated, and in a pace of practice
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will doe't;
And for the purpoſe Ile annoint my ſword:
I bought an unction of a Mountebanke
So mortall, that but dip a knife in it,
Where it drawes blood, no Cataplaſme ſo rare
Collected from all Simples that have vertue
Under the Moone, can ſave the thing from death
That is but ſcratcht withall; Ile touch my point
With this contagion, that if I gall him ſleightly it may be death.

King. Let's further thinke of this,
Weigh what conveiance both of time and meanes
May fit us to our ſhape if this ſhould faile,
And that our drift look through our bad performance
'Twere better not aſſay'd. Therefore this project
Should have a backe or ſecond, that might hold
If this did blaſt in proofe: ſoft, let me ſee,
We'll make a ſolemne wager on your cunnings,
I hav't, when in your motion you are hot and dry,
As make your bouts more violent to that end,
And that he calls for drinke, Ile have prefer'd him
A Chalice for the nonce, whereon but ſipping,
If he by chance eſcape your venom'd tucke,
Our purpoſe may hold there. But ſtay, what noiſe?

Enter

Enter Queene.

Quee. One woe doth tread upon anothers heele,
So faſt they follow: your ſiſter's drown'd *Laertes.*

Laer. Drown'd! O where?

Quee. There is a willow growes aſcaunt the brook,
That ſhewes his hoarie leaves in the glaſſie ſtreame,
Therewith fantaſticke garlands did ſhe make
Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Daſies, and long Purples,
That liberall ſhepheards give a groſſer name,
But our culcold maids do dead mens fingers call them.
There on the pendant boughes her Coronet weeds
Clambring to hang, an envious ſhiver broke,
When downe her weedy tropheys and her ſelfe
Fell in the weeping brooke, her clothes ſpred wide,
And Mermaid-like a while they bore her up,
Which time ſhe chanted ſnatches of old lauds,
As one incapable of her owne diſtreſſe,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element, but long it could not be
Till that her garments heavie with their drinke
Puld the poore wench from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alaſſe then is ſhe drown'd?

Quee. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water haſt thou poore *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my teares; but yet
It is our tricke, nature her cuſtome holds,
Let ſhame ſay what it will; when theſe are gone
The woman will be out. Adieu my Lord,
I have a ſpeech afire that faine would blaſe,
But that this folly drownes it. *Exit.*

King. Let's follow *Gertrard*;
How much I had to doe to calme his rage!
Now feare I this will give it ſtart againe,
Therefore let's follow. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Clownes.

Clow. Is ſhe to be buried in Chriſtian buriall, when
ſhe wilfully ſeekes her owne ſalvation?